

# Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 84 19th SEPTEMBER 1970

PRICE 1/6 • 7.50 n.p.

The Frog Prince ...  
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# The Three Soldiers



1. Having wished himself into the Royal Palace with the help of the magic cloak, the poor soldier was now wishing himself out of it in the greatest possible hurry. The greedy Princess, who had already stolen a magic purse from another of the three soldiers, summoned help by loudly shouting: "Thieves and robbers!"

2. There was such a commotion that the soldier took the nearest way out, through the window. He fell through the branches of a tree and reached the ground without hurting himself. Then he ran away as fast as his legs would carry him—leaving behind the magic cloak, caught upon a branch of the tree in the garden.



3. The soldier escaped, but one of the courtiers took down the magic cloak and carried it to Princess Griselda, who was quite delighted. "Thank you, good sir," she said. "It matters little that the thief escaped, for he did not manage to steal anything from my room. Leave the cloak with me. If he returns and tries to get it back then he will easily be caught by the royal guard."

4. The cunning and greedy Princess did not say anything about the true value of the magic cloak—but the soldiers knew its real worth and were most upset. "Now we have lost two of our treasures—the magic purse and the magic cloak, both taken by the Princess," sighed one. The third soldier, however, waved the magic music horn. "Cheer up, for I have a good idea," he said.





5. By blowing a few notes on the horn, the soldier called up a great army, with mounted men and cannons. "Surround this palace and be prepared to attack it if needed," he told the commander. "Inside the palace are two treasures stolen from my friends, and if they are not returned then I will order a bombardment."

6. "My cannons are loaded and at the ready, sir," the captain of artillery said. "Give the word and I will blow down the walls of that palace." "The foot-soldiers and cavalry are also ready, sir," reported another captain. "They will storm through the holes in the palace walls and capture it without delay."



7. The King was most alarmed about this and hurried to speak with his daughter. "Is my palace to be blown to bits because of a purse and a cloak?" he demanded. "You must give them back at once." "Do not be frightened, father," answered Princess Griselda. "Nothing like that will happen. Leave it to me."



8. The Princess had already thought of a cunning scheme. She dressed herself as a gipsy dancing girl and set out at night with her maid. "Come," she told the girl. "We will visit the camp of the soldiers outside, and, while I entertain the men with singing and dancing, you will perform a simple task for me."

You will see the result of Princess Griselda's clever plan in *Once Upon A Time* next week.





In the tropical forests of South America, the hot sun and the rain makes the trees grow tall. Their spreading leaves shade the soil and few plants grow beneath them, so the floor of the forest is fairly clear of plants and flowers. Twigs and leaves make a thick carpet and under this layer, millions of insects have their homes. Among the trees hang snakes, and on the ground groups of pig-like animals called peccaries (seen in this picture) snuffle and grunt. Many of the flowers in the rain forests are rare orchids, growing without roots in a kind of green moss which grows in large thick patches among the trees.



This is a picture of a jaguar. It looks like a leopard, but its coat is slightly different and it has shorter legs. The coat is marked with large spots, with one spot in the middle. Skilled at hunting larger forest animals, it is also clever at fishing.



# All Sorts of Rain



About the size of a cat, the ocelot has been hunted for its skin for many years. The fur is valuable because not one is exactly like another. Unlike the cat, the ocelot does not stalk its prey but attacks at once, sometimes leaping into the air to bring down a bird. The bird in the picture, called a tanager, has had a lucky escape.

Macaws are noisy birds that move about the treetops in screeching flocks. They like to bask in the sun, then when it is cooler, climb about the branches feeding on nuts and fruit. These birds have very powerful beaks, and use them to crack the hardest nutshells and also for climbing. Gnawing branches is a favourite pastime of the macaws, and when in captivity they like chewing wood. They are easily trained as pets and some make good talkers.







Many kinds of humming birds can be seen flying over the blossoms in the rain forests. These birds can hover and remain still when in the sky, and when starting to fly they do not take-off like other birds, but lift-off by rapidly beating their wings. Some fly at 70 miles per hour, and others can fly thousands of miles without getting tired. There are over three hundred different kinds of humming bird, and they are found mainly in North America and South America.



Squirrel monkeys are the clowns of the forest and are amusing to watch. They have yellow hands and feet, a dark head, and a white face. They move about in large groups, chattering and tumbling about among the leaves. Spider monkeys use their long tails as a grasping hand, and they can hang upside down by their tails for quite some time. They, too, are acrobats of the trees and share the squirrel monkey's taste for flowers, fruit, and grasshoppers.

# Forest Creatures



The tamandua is an anteater, about half the size of the giant anteater, and looks as though it is wearing a waistcoat or a brown sweater. It is a gentle animal and wary of the little tree porcupine, seen in the picture. Although a small animal, the tamandua has been known to kill a panther with its sharp claws and strong forearms that can squeeze the life out of an animal.



A creature that spends most of the day asleep in the hollow of a tree, may appear to you to be lazy. But the Kinkajou, or monkey-lion, who does this very thing can move quickly when it wants to. It uses its tail as a kind of anchor when it wants to stop in a hurry, sometimes even climbing up it. These sweet-looking little animals live on fruit, insects and birds, and are members the raccoon family.

LESLIE  
FIELD  
MARCHANT



A large, detailed illustration of a tree with many green leaves and dark purple plums. A small rabbit is perched on a branch, looking down. The tree trunk is on the left side of the page.

# BRER RABBIT

This week . . . The jumping sack.

ONE day, Brer Fox woke up feeling very gloomy indeed. "I know what's wrong with me," he said to himself. "It's that rascally rabbit. Why, he's played so many tricks on me that he's made me the laughing stock of all the other animals. It's time I caught him and gave him what he deserves. Yes, the thing to make me really feel better is a good big dish of rabbit stew." And Brer Fox licked his lips.

The thing was, how to catch Brer Rabbit, for Brer Rabbit was the hardest animal to trap that you ever did see. He was as cunning as all the other animals put together—and he knew all about them wanting to catch him.

Brer Fox began trailing Brer Rabbit, trying to find out what his movements were, hoping to lie in wait for that rabbit and catch him unawares. But Brer Fox was unlucky. It seemed as if Brer Rabbit knew he was being followed and led Brer Fox the biggest dance he had ever had.

Brer Fox took to having a sack with him, just in case he found the rabbit asleep and was able to pop it over his head, but he never did.

Then, one day, Brer Fox's luck changed. Brer Rabbit had found a fine plum tree and he managed to heave himself up on to a low branch and sit there, in the tree, eating his fill of good, ripe plums. When Brer Fox saw him there, he smiled wickedly to himself. "I have you now, Brer Rabbit," he chuckled, but the problem was to get that rabbit down from the plum tree—and Brer Rabbit was just as cunning as cunning could be. He didn't trust Brer Fox an inch.

"That's a mighty fine plum tree you've found there, Brer Rabbit," called Brer Fox, sidling up to the tree and standing beneath the branches and looking up. "I'd sure like to taste one of those plums, Brer Rabbit. Would you throw me one down?"

"Why, of course, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit, and he threw down a hard, green plum, aiming it neatly so that it hit Brer Fox on top of the head.

Brer Fox picked the plum up and took a bite, hiding his anger. "That's a fine plum indeed," he said. "It would make good jam, or it would store until it's ripe. Why don't you throw me the plums down and then come







down yourself and help me fill this sack with them? Then we could take them home and share them between us."

"Thank you, Brer Fox, but I'm quite happy up here," said Brer Rabbit. "A plum in my hand is worth a dozen in your sack."

Down below, Brer Fox ground his teeth in rage. Then he tried another trick. "Why, here comes one of the little rabbits, I do believe," he said, peering through the trees. "Perhaps he's looking for you, Brer Rabbit." Now, Brer Rabbit knew that the little rabbits didn't know where he was and they wouldn't come looking for him, so he just stayed where he was.

Then Brer Fox began to get really mad and he decided if he couldn't coax Brer Rabbit down, he'd have to try and force him down and he hit on a plan.

"I feel like a bit of exercise, Brer Rabbit," he said. "I think I'll just have a little run." And with that Brer Fox began to run round and round the tree, until he was going so fast round and round that his nose seemed to meet his tail.

Brer Rabbit watched him, fascinated, and really that was the cause of his undoing, for what with all the ripe plums he'd stuffed himself with and the hot sun on his head, he began to feel more and more dizzy as he watched Brer Fox going round in circles, but he couldn't tear his eyes away. Before he knew what was happening, Brer Rabbit had lost his balance and toppled over—blam! right into

the sack which Brer Fox had left underneath the plum tree.

Quick as a flash, Brer Fox stopped running and tied up the sack with string. "You thought you'd escape, Brer Rabbit, but you've played tricks on us folk once too often, you have," said Brer Fox, as pleased as pleased could be. "This is the last of your mischief, it is."

"Oh, please let me out, Brer Fox," called Brer Rabbit. "And I'll let you have all the plums you want." But Brer Fox, he only laughed and laughed.

"I can have all the plums anyway, Brer Rabbit," said he. "For you won't be around much longer to take them." And off he went with the sack over his shoulder.

Well, it was a hot day and all that running round and round the plum tree had made Brer Fox dizzy too, and very tired. After a bit, he just had to stop and put the sack down on the ground and have a rest and he was soon fast asleep.

Inside the sack, Brer Rabbit jumped up and down and this way and that, trying in vain to get out, but he couldn't. Then along came Brer Terrapin. He saw Brer Fox asleep and then saw the sack jumping up and down and he went over to have a closer look, for it seemed to him very odd indeed that a sack should jump up and down.

"Well, well, I wonder what that sack's got in it?" he said aloud. Brer Rabbit heard him and mightily pleased he was to

hear his old friend Brer Terrapin's voice, too.

"Oh, it's me, Brer Rabbit, inside the sack, Brer Terrapin," he called. "Please let me out. That rascal Brer Fox caught me."

Now, Brer Terrapin had no love for Brer Fox, either, so he quickly untied the string and out popped Brer Rabbit.

"Now let's fill the sack with nice, big stones, Brer Terrapin," said Brer Rabbit. "Then Brer Fox won't notice I've gone if he wakes up."

The two animals put plenty of stones in the sack, tied the string again and then off they went.

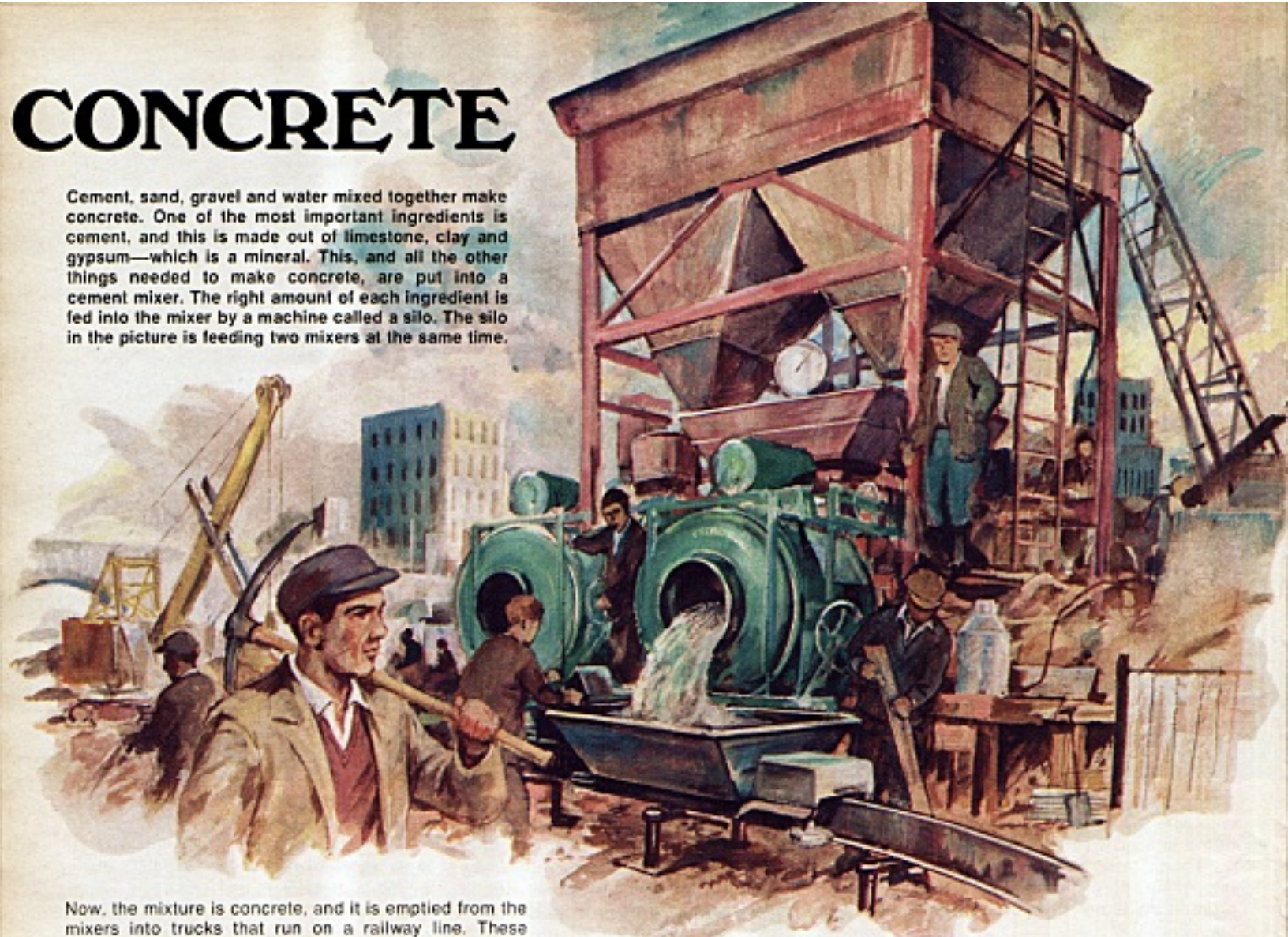
When Brer Fox woke up, some time later, he picked up his sack and put it over his shoulder and off he went. It seemed very heavy, but he thought that was because he was still tired. His mouth watered as he thought of rabbit stew and when he got home he quickly put the cooking pot on the fire—but what a shock he got. When he untied the string and tipped up the sack, lots of big hard stones fell into his cooking pot, instead of a plump juicy rabbit. The stones dented his cooking pot and splashed hot water all over him, so that he dashed off yelling to plunge into the nearest stream and cool off—and then he had to go and look for some dinner, a sorrier and wiser fox.

**Another tale of artful Brer Rabbit in next week's Once Upon A Time.**



# CONCRETE

Cement, sand, gravel and water mixed together make concrete. One of the most important ingredients is cement, and this is made out of limestone, clay and gypsum—which is a mineral. This, and all the other things needed to make concrete, are put into a cement mixer. The right amount of each ingredient is fed into the mixer by a machine called a silo. The silo in the picture is feeding two mixers at the same time.

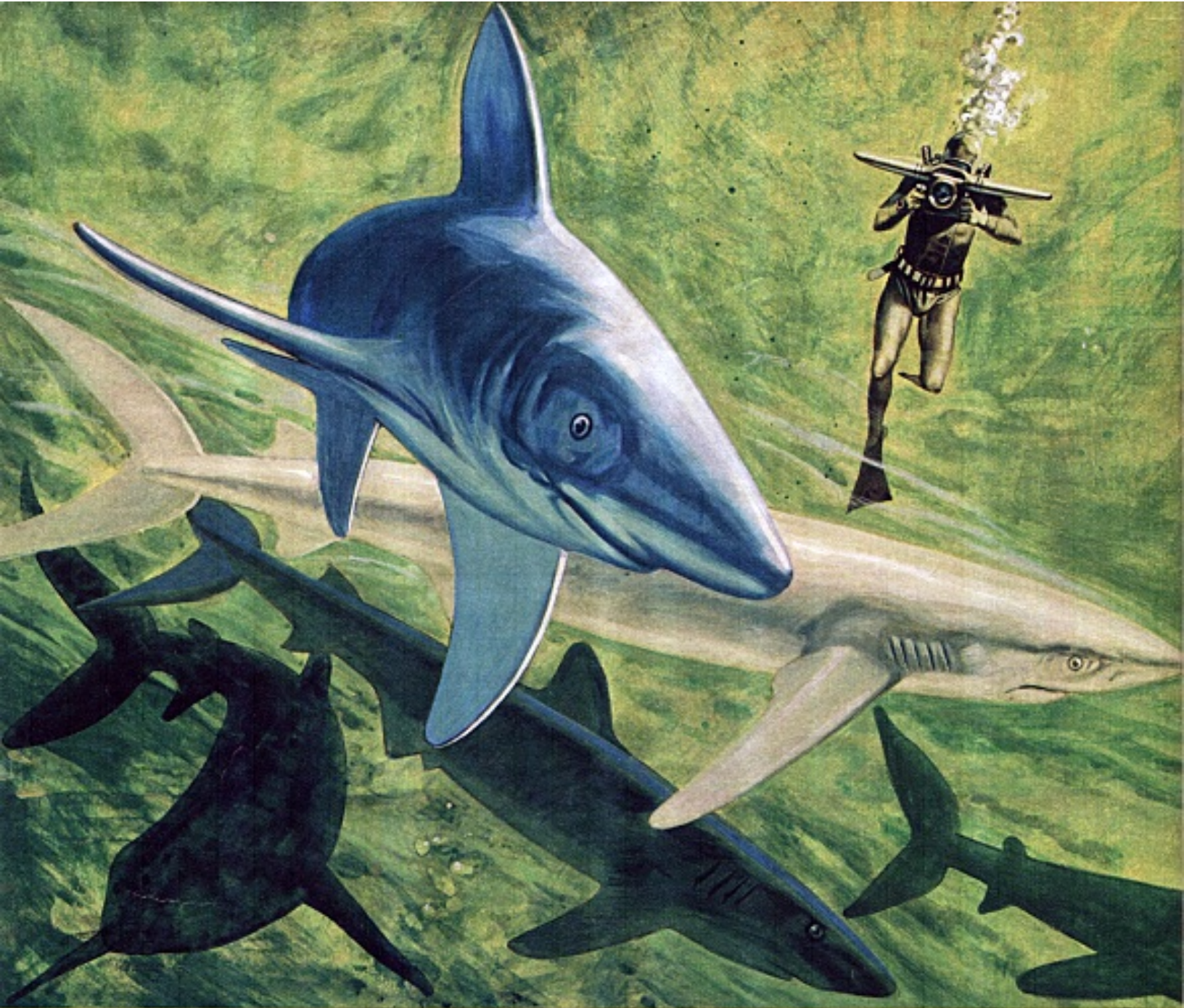


Now, the mixture is concrete, and it is emptied from the mixers into trucks that run on a railway line. These trucks run to all parts of the site and do not need a driver. The load can easily be tipped off the truck at the desired spot.

Concrete is a valuable building material because it is cheaper to make than bricks, which are used for many buildings. It is also very hard-wearing.







**This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story, turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions about it.**

## Our Underwater World

For many, many years, the sea has fascinated people. We have swum in it, fished in it, and sailed boats on it. But it was not until equipment that could take air under water was invented that people could stay under the sea for a long time.

Before this, there were men who dived for pearls in the waters off Ceylon, India and many of the Pacific Islands. Sponges, of the type we find in our bathrooms, were collected from the Mediterranean Sea bed. But, of course, these divers could only stay under the water for as long as they could hold their breath.

These days, a diver has a tank of air fixed to his back, and a tube from this tank is held

in his mouth. This enables him to breathe while swimming around beneath the surface. Flippers attached to his feet mean that he can swim faster, and also mean that his hands are free to carry a camera. As a protection against the cold water, a rubber tunic is worn and this completely covers the diver's body, apart from his face.

The diver goes down to the sea bed, and sees the strange twilight world of the ocean . . . sea anemones, that sway gently in the currents of water; shoals of fish, brilliantly coloured, darting along in a large coloured cloud; crabs shuffling from one rock to another, and sharks, the kings of the ocean. Impressive-looking fish, the sharks knife

through the water like silver arrows, and in spite of their reputation of being highly dangerous, many will only attack men if attacked first.

Alas, this world was only seen by deep sea divers; and, of course, the pleasures of skin diving—as this sport is called—was, and still is, only enjoyed by a few. Then the invention of a camera which could take pictures under the water, brought the wonderful underwater world to the land lovers.

People could see, from beautiful photographs, the strange life of the ocean. Film companies began to make complete films of sea life, and many underwater scenes are included in the films of today.



*The*





# Frog Prince

ONE fine and warm Summer's day, a young and beautiful princess sat beside a well in a quiet corner of the palace gardens. The sun was hot and she enjoyed being in such a cool and shady spot.

As she sat there, with her back to the brick wall of the well, the princess was playing with her favourite toy, a lovely golden ball, which she threw into the air and caught again as it came down.

Shafts of sunlight came through the tree branches and the princess laughed to see how they made the golden ball sparkle and shine. The higher she threw the ball, the more the sunlight made it glitter in a most attractive way.

She tossed it higher and higher with every throw, but then became a little careless, for the ball went too far out of her reach for her to catch, and dropped down into the well.

It disappeared down the deep shaft of the well and the princess leaned over the wall as far as she dared and peered down into the depths. But hard as she stared she could see no sign of her golden ball.

"Oh! I have lost it forever," she sobbed. "Is there no one around to help me? If only someone would get my golden ball for me, I would give them all my finest jewels and clothes."

At these words a frog hopped out of the well and sat on the side of the wall, looking at the princess. "Why are you so heart-broken and sad?" he asked.

The princess stopped crying and stared back at the frog. "I am weeping because I have lost my beautiful golden ball down the well," she said. "It is right down there at the bottom and I cannot get it back. But how can

you help? You are only a horrid old frog."

If such words hurt the frog's feelings he did not show it. "I can find your golden ball for you, if you will promise to do something for me in return," he said.

"I will do anything you ask, dear kind frog," smiled the princess. "What reward would please you most?"

"If I get back the golden ball, you must promise to let me live in the royal palace with you," said the frog. "You must let me eat from your own golden plate, and sleep on the pillow of your own little bed."

The princess promised at once, for she did not really believe that a frog would leave its damp home in a well and come to live in the palace.

"Very well," said the frog, and he dived straight down the well.

Before many moments had passed, the frog reappeared with the princess's beautiful golden ball in his mouth.

"Oh, how wonderful," exclaimed the princess.

She leaned over and snatched it. Then, overjoyed to have the toy back, she turned and ran back towards the palace, without a word of thanks to the poor frog.

"Wait for me, princess," croaked the frog. "Take me with you to the palace. Don't forget that you made a promise."

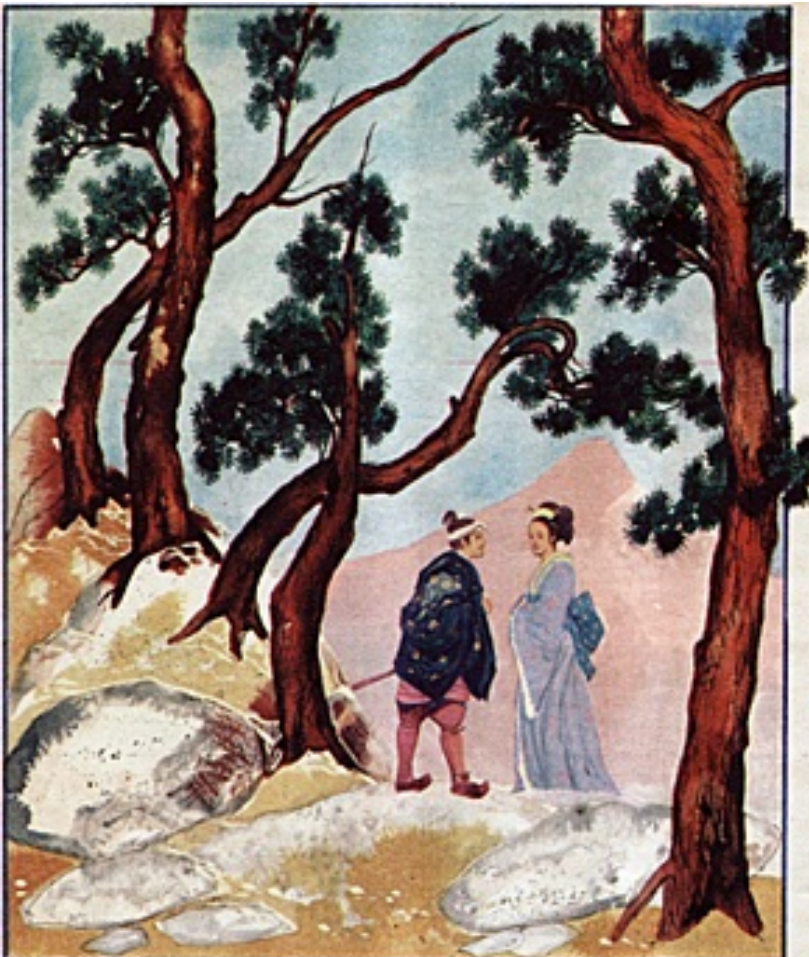
The princess, however, only kept running. She did not stop to listen to what the frog was saying, and by the time she reached the palace, she had almost forgotten about him.

**The princess and the frog meet again in next week's part of this lovely story, so be sure not to miss it.**





# Land of the Dragon



1. Once upon a time, in old Japan, a handsome young warrior fell in love with the Emperor's daughter. Although the young warrior was a fighting man, he did not like to fight very much. He was gentle and kind and the Princess loved him dearly.



2. Now, it so happened that the islands of Japan were in real terrible trouble because of a fierce dragon. When the dragon was angry, great jets of flame would come spurting from its mouth, and though many warriors had tried, none could kill it.



3. The Emperor liked the young man, but he said, "It would be very wrong to give my lovely daughter to a young knight who has yet to prove his courage, when other young men have been fighting the dragon. You must get rid of the beast first."



4. Very depressed, the young warrior set off on horseback for the land of the dragon. He felt sure that it was not really nasty or very, very bad-tempered like most of them are, and did not want to hurt it. Then he heard a sneeze, then another.





5. Behind a hedge he found a sad-looking merchant. "What is the matter?" asked the young knight. "Why do you sneeze so?" "I am a pepper merchant, and it makes me sneeze all the time," was the sad reply. "Ah, I'll buy all your pepper," said the knight.



7. "Now I have you," roared the dragon. "You're at my mercy now." The young knight was on the ground and it seemed that he did not have a chance against the huge monster—until he put his clever idea into action and threw the pepper at the dragon.



6. Next day the young knight reached the land of the dragon, which suddenly jumped up from behind a rock and breathed out fiery flames. The young knight's horse was so startled that it reared back and sent its rider toppling out of the saddle.



8. This was more than the dragon could stand, for it began to sneeze and every time it sneezed it put out its own fiery flames. So it turned away and lumbered down to the sea and swam away from Japan for good. That's how the knight won his Princess.





## Beautiful Paintings

It is a rainy day, in a large town at the beginning of the last century. The stage coach has been travelling for many hours and has now reached the Bull Inn, where the team of tired horses will be changed for a team of fresh ones. The artist, Cecil Aldin, who painted this picture has captured the scene very well, even down to the two bedraggled-looking dogs who stand shivering in the flooded road. One lady has been waiting in the

inn some time for the coach to arrive, and now her luggage is being loaded on to the back. Standing at the entrance to the inn is the inn-keeper, a stout, cheery fellow, who looks delightedly at a brace of pheasants that are being held up. "They will be cooked for tonight's dinner," he shouts cheerfully. Behind him is a fellow carrying a tray on which are steaming hot cups of coffee for the cold passengers.



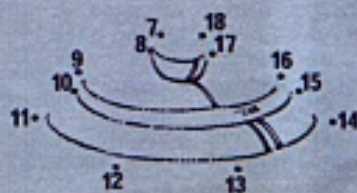
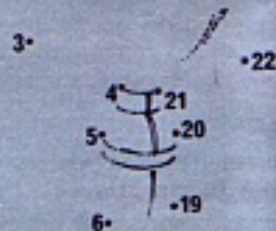
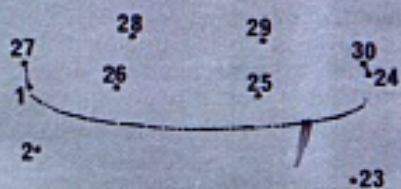
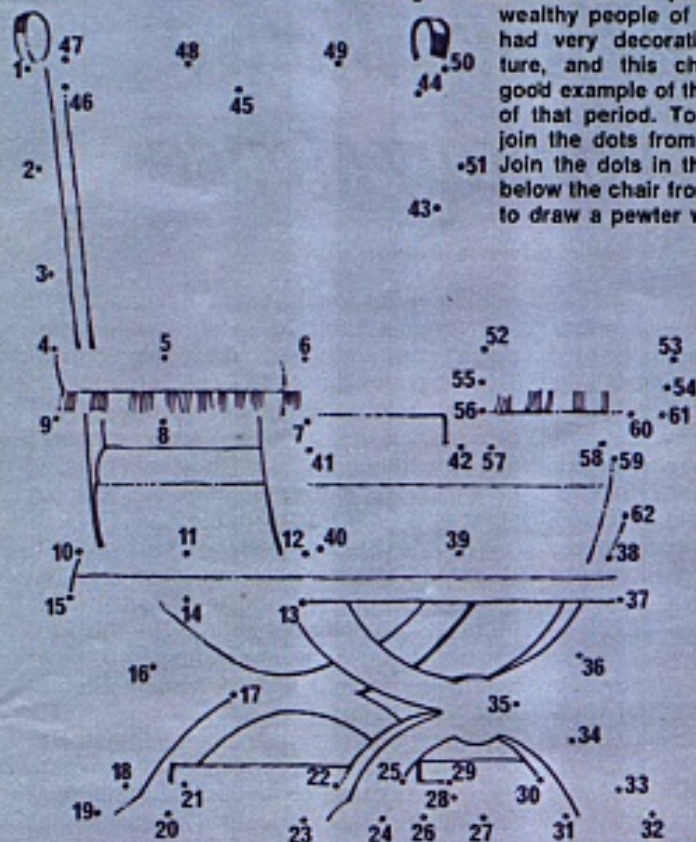
# A Cavalier's Lady

We have already shown you a picture of a Cavalier in a past issue of *Once Upon A Time*. This week you will see a picture of a Cavalier's Lady. She, like her husband, is wearing fine clothes made out of velvet and satin, with lace trimmings around the neck and cuffs. Her hat, although smaller than her husband's, is similar, having a wide brim and a plume. The

wealthy people of this time had very decorative furniture, and this chair is a good example of the design of that period. To draw it, join the dots from 1 to 62.

•51 Join the dots in the puzzle below the chair from 1 to 30 to draw a pewter wine cup.

43•







# The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week . . . Bertie drives a tractor.

**B**ERTIE was excited. He rushed into the little cottage where Winifred, the country mouse, lived, bursting with importance.

Bertie was Winifred's boy-friend, so he usually went to see Winifred, if he had any special news to tell.

"Guess what, Winifred," he called. "Farmer Hayseed has bought a brand-new tractor, a bright, shiny red one. And he wants me to go and fetch it and drive it back here."

"Ooh, how exciting," squeaked Winifred. "But do be careful, Bertie. It's not like riding a bicycle, I'm sure."

"Don't worry about me, Winnie," beamed Bertie. "The salesman has been teaching me all about it and he says I've got the hang of it very nicely."

Bertie had to fetch the tractor the next day and fortunately it turned out fine and sunny. Winifred could hardly wait to see Bertie come back, driving the big red tractor through the village. She ran from one window to another, hoping she could catch sight of him, and, finally, she put on her best hat and coat and went out into the street, where she could see better.

To Winifred's surprise, she saw quite a crowd gathered in the street.

"Have you come to see Farmer Hayseed's new tractor arrive?" asked Postman Badger, who had stopped delivering his letters so that he could watch.

"I hear your Bertie's driving it back to the farm," twittered Miss Millicent, who kept the village draper's shop.

"Nasty, noisy, smelly things, if you ask me," growled a very old mouse, who was looking very disapproving. "Don't know what young Bertie's up to. No good will come of it, I'm sure."

Just then there was a chug-chug-chugging, and around the corner came a gleaming red tractor and there, perched up on the seat, was Bertie, looking very proud of himself. He waved his hand to Winifred.

Everyone in the street let out a cheer and Bertie took off his cap and bowed,

just as if he were making a royal tour. Winifred thought he looked very grand. Then as Bertie and the tractor passed her, she got the surprise of her life. Chug-chug-chugging along behind the tractor came a very large, very shiny car, and inside the car, sat a very smart mouse, but she didn't look too pleased.

"Ooh, it's Stephanie," said Winifred. "I wonder what she's doing riding behind Bertie?" The car was being driven by Stephanie's boy-friend, Nigel, and he stopped when he saw Winifred waving to him from the crowd.

"Well, Nigel and Stephanie, fancy seeing you here," cried Winifred. "But whatever are you doing driving slowly behind Bertie?"

"We didn't go slowly until we met Bertie," said Stephanie, rather coldly, for she had found it rather trying, riding along behind Bertie at a snail's pace. "But we couldn't get past him, so we had to follow him—for miles. It would have been quicker to get out and walk—if you like that sort of thing," she added.

"Well, Bertie did seem to be enjoying himself up there," beamed Nigel.

"But I'm not," replied Stephanie, a bit sharply. "We were going to a very smart restaurant for tea, but we've been so long that tea will be over by the time we get there, so we might just as well not go now."

"Well, that's all right," laughed Winifred. "Let's go back to my cottage and I'll make tea for all of us."

Stephanie was just beginning to say something rude about country bumpkins who hogged all the road, when she saw that all the villagers were looking at her in great admiration, so she changed her mind and shut her mouth tightly and looked as charming and dignified as she could. Nigel, who always enjoyed tea at Winifred's, said, "What a good idea. We'd love to stay for tea, if it isn't too much trouble, of course."

Making tea was never too much trouble for Winifred. She had a nice, big teapot, which held a lot of tea and she always

had plenty of freshly-baked cakes.

Stephanie carefully patted her fur into place and smoothed down her dress. Then she got out of the car and walked up the path to Winifred's cottage. "I'll give these country folk something to stare at," she thought. "My! They can't have much to see if they all turn out just to stare at an old tractor going past."

You see, Stephanie always took a lot of trouble to look her best and when she was all dressed up, she did look very pretty indeed. All Winifred's country friends did stare at her, too, and whispered how smart she looked and that made Stephanie very happy.

Nigel, of course, was much happier. He could eat as many cakes and drink as many cups of tea as he liked at Winifred's and nobody ever thought it wasn't polite to eat such a lot. Very soon, Bertie came in. He said he was starving, because it had been quite breezy perched up there on the top of the tractor and it had given him quite an appetite. While they ate, Bertie and Nigel talked all about tractors and what fun it was to drive one.

Nigel was so keen on the tractor that Bertie asked him to come back the next weekend and have a look at it at work on the farm and this made Nigel very pleased.

Stephanie wasn't nearly so pleased and grumbled quite a bit on the way home, because she preferred to go to smart places, but Nigel was so comfortably full of tea and home-made cake, that he hardly even noticed.

More about your merry mice friends in  
Once Upon A Time next week.

Here are some questions about the story "Our Underwater World" on page 9. Try to answer them before turning back to see if you were right.

1. Near which countries did men dive for pearls?
2. What is a diver's tunic made of?
3. What is underwater swimming often called?







# Prince Alberto and the Old Man



1. Once upon a time, in a far off land, there lived a wise old king with one son. The king was very angry with his son because the young Prince was very disobedient and rather selfish. He grew worse and worse, until one day his father told him to leave his kingdom. "I will not receive you at the palace until you know the meaning of kindness and obedience," he told him. "So go and learn about such things."

2. Prince Alberto, as he was called, was quite pleased, and along a country lane he met an old man who asked if he could borrow his horse. But the prince ignored him and galloped off.



3. As night was drawing in, the Prince decided to rest, so he went into a large, dark forest. He was very tired and soon fell asleep. During the night, the old man cut the Prince's horse free and made off with it. In the morning, the Prince found his horse had gone, and he was alone and lost in a strange forest.

4. The young Prince could not find his way out of the forest. Suddenly, he heard a cry, "Help! Help!" Prince Alberto rushed in the direction from where the cries were coming, and he came upon a hole in the ground. Peeping over the edge of the hole, he saw the old man lying at the bottom, looking very unhappy indeed.





5. Without hesitating, Prince Alberto jumped in the hole, and lifted the old man out. But the poor man said he was injured, so the Prince, out of kindness, looked after him until he was well enough to travel. This kind deed was the first the Prince had ever done in the whole of his life without asking for something in return.



6. As the old man said he was not strong enough to walk, and since he had lost the Prince's horse, he asked Prince Alberto to carry him to his home, where he would be rewarded. The Prince agreed, and they started the long journey. But although he was strong the Prince began to tire of the heavy load on his back.



7. Soon they came upon a beautiful castle, where the old man said, "We end our journey here, for this is my home." The Prince followed the old man inside the castle gates, and a lovely young girl came down the steps to greet the old man, who was her father. She was very pretty, and the Prince fell in love with her.



8. Later, the Baron explained that he was looking for a young husband for his daughter—one who would be kind and obedient—qualities which the Prince had learnt. So Maryanna and the Prince were married, and the wedding ball which followed was indeed a very gay affair.

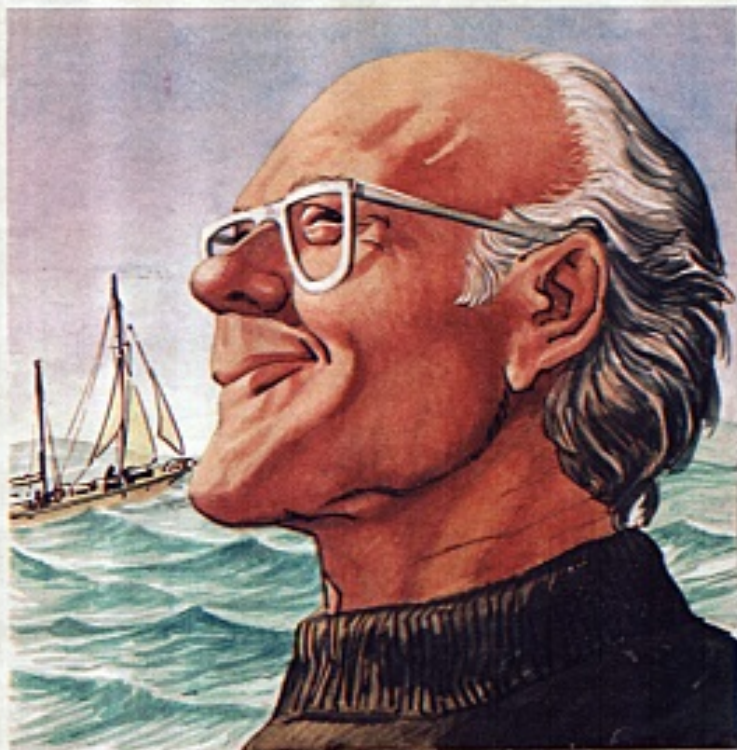


# FAMOUS NAMES

Interesting facts about people whose names are well known.



1. **Charlie Chaplin.** The full name of this great comedian was Charles Spencer Chaplin, and he was born in 1889. His parents were music-hall entertainers. When he was 21, Charlie Chaplin left England to make films in America and those in which he appeared as the "little tramp" became popular all over the world.



2. **Sir Francis Chichester.** As a young man he always had a thirst for adventure and in 1930 was the second person to fly an aeroplane solo from England to Australia. After winning the trans-Atlantic yacht race in 1960, he set out six years later on his most famous trip of all, sailing round the world.



3. **Earl Mountbatten of Burma.** A great grandson of Queen Victoria, Louis Mountbatten served 50 years in the Royal Navy and was at sea in both the First and Second World Wars. In 1943 he became Supreme Allied Commander in South East Asia. After the war, in 1947, he was the last Viceroy of India.



4. **Charles Dickens.** When Charles Dickens was 12 years old he had to go out to work in a boot-blackening factory, though he longed to become an actor or writer. He did succeed as a writer later on when his novel "The Pickwick Papers" made him famous, and he settled down to writing many fine books.